

Terms.—One dollar and seventy-five cents per annum, if paid in advance; two dollars, if paid within the year; two dollars and fifty cents, if payment is delayed beyond the year. Single copies, four cents.
Any person who will obtain six good subscribers shall be entitled to a seventh copy for one year.
Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

AUTHORIZED AGENTS.
JOSEPH S. PAGE, TRAVELING AGENT.
Cyrus Bishop, Winthrop. J. E. Rolfe, Rumford.
Thos. Pratt, Vassalboro'. Wm. Percival, S. China.
W. M. Hatch, W. Wathe. J. Blake, North Turner.
Mr. Farrington, Lovell. TRUE & HAYWARD, Bangor.
D. Dudley, Aroostook. A. S. French, Dexter.
M. Mitchell, E. Dyer. S. A. Adams, Bowdoin.
G. Robinson, N. York. D. Ingram, Farmington.
H. B. Stottle, Farmington.



Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man

TIME FOR DIGGING MUCK.
The best time for digging muck, is when it is driest; for at such times there is less water in the low situations, where muck abounds, to hinder the process of digging. As a general thing, the driest months during the year in our vicinity, are August and September, and during these months it is advisable for farmers to secure a supply of this material.

Some may have muck beds, or peat beds, in such situations that they will not vary much as it regards the amount of wet, even if the fall rains should come on quite early. They can therefore postpone the digging till there is less call for labor than during the harvesting months of August and September. Those, however, who are not so placed, must make the most of their time; and if their ordinary occupations and cares of the farm take up their time pretty constantly, it will be money well expended if they could hire an extra hand, and employ him for a suitable time, wholly in this business. Some farmers, whom we know, take an opportunity to dig a large amount of muck, and let it lie until winter, when they haul it by sleds into the barnyard. Where the water will not come up and cover it, this plan is a very good one, because it can be hauled at a comparatively leisure season of the year. It will of course be frozen, but it is easily cut or broken into lumps or masses—is easily handled, and thus loaded and unloaded as quickly as when dug.

Careful experiments have established the fact, that thoroughly decomposed muck, mixed with common barn-yard or animal manure, in the proportion of two parts muck and one of manure, is equal to all decomposed cow manure. It looks reasonable that it should be valuable. Let us examine it. When decomposed, or, as some call it, well rotted, cow manure is mostly vegetable matter, being made up of the hay or grass which the animal has eaten and voided. Well, the peat or muck which you dig up, is also vegetable matter, and when freed from any excess of acids by the application of ashes, it is brought down to the state of decomposed vegetable fibre, and by adding one-third good animal manure, it is very similar to old decomposed cow manure, and experience proves that it will answer the same purpose when used for dressing, for corn, or grass, and other crops. We shall have need for all the manure that we can obtain for, on account of causes, not necessary here to mention, the prices of agricultural produce are going to be low, and it will be, therefore, wisdom in the farmer to manure highly, so as to obtain the greatest crop at the least expense. If the market is low, it calls upon every one to diminish the cost of production as much as is possible.

AN IRON SLAVE.

Since the abolition of slavery in some of the West India Islands, the spirit of ingenuity has been busy in making an iron slave, or, in other words, getting up machinery to labor in the fields, with or by the power of steam. We can see no difficulty in making a machine that will plough, sow, reap, thrash, and clean up the grain by steam, on level and easy lands. The Jamaica Times gives a description of the iron slave, after this manner.

It is a frame of iron, four feet wide, and twenty feet long in front, with a shaft of six feet six inches behind, with two broad wheels, and a steering wheel on the extreme end. On the front shaft, are feet similar to spokes of wheels, with buffers on their extremities; these enter the ground by the revolving of the shaft. This is caused by a long lever, twenty feet, swinging back and forward on a spindle, and pulling alternately two levers of three feet, in a box on two wheels, fixed to the shaft, similar to the captain on the Great Britain steamship, with this difference, that the motion can be reversed, or the lever so placed, that they vibrate without the driving wheel. The power to work this machine is communicated by ropes, pulling alternately on the lever; these ropes, at a distance of 100 yards, were wound around a double drum, and corresponding ropes ran from the drum to the distance of 120 yards further, to two cranks of a steam engine. By this trial, a new mechanical principle was established, namely, the transition of power from a fixed to a moving point, going in arbitrary directions, at the will of one man at the steering wheel, which was thought impossible by scientific engineers. By prolonging or shortening the communication ropes, the distance from the prime mover to the machine traveling on pulleys and rollers to diminish friction, and from the drum to the "stellite," they are held up by cars with poles, if they extend to a great distance, to keep them from the ground.

The paper goes on to state that it has been found by trial to be perfectly practicable, and that it moves at the rate of three miles per hour. It seems to us to be rather complicated. We have seen a model of a steamer that was designed to plough and sow, and that would move about without so much gearing, of ropes and pulleys, and which we have no doubt would make a better slave than this.

LICE ON CATTLE. A writer in the Massachusetts Ploughman, over the signature of "J. R.," says that in August this kind of vermin on cattle, are all on their ears and between their horns, and can be easily destroyed by shearing off the hair and greasing the parts thoroughly. On spring calves he says they do not confine themselves to the above parts.

MAINE FARMER.

A Family Paper; Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, General Intelligence, &c.

VOL. XIV.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, 1846.

NO. 35.

SOWING PLASTER OF PARIS IN AUTUMN.

Our farmers in Maine, we believe, seldom or never sow gypsum on their grass lands in the fall, and yet we do not see why it is not as well, and in some respects better to do it at this season than in the spring. We presume that the plaster cannot do much good until it gets into the soil and becomes dissolved in the moisture, or becomes changed in some manner, so as to become liquid, in order to be taken up by the roots of the plant. If it be taken up by the roots, common sense and common observation teach us that it must be dissolved, and not enter them in its dry or solid state. Or, if it acts, as some suppose, by absorbing ammonia from the atmosphere, it must have time to do this. Why not apply it in the fall? The grass seems to need something then, to give it a start. It has been drawing sustenance from the soil and atmosphere all summer. It has been cut or eaten off, and the few leaves near the ground, and the roots, are all that are left to begin life again, with a capital as much diminished, as the crop is in weight or bulk that you have just put into your barn. Certainly the time to feed it must be when it is most feeble. We presume what the plaster may not be required by the grass this fall, will be still found in the ground next spring, all ready to do good for the succeeding crop.

THE GRASS CROP AND GRAIN CROP. The hay on the uplands was secured some time since, and that of the lowlands or bogs, is pretty much all in. Taking the State throughout, we have seldom had a better crop. It was not only abundant, but of good quality.

In some sections of the State the weevils have done damage, but they have not done so much mischief in this vicinity as usual, and the crops of grain which are now being secured, are very excellent. Our farmers will have more hay and more grain, taking the State through, than they had last year.

POTATO ROT. As yet we have heard but little complaint in our neighborhood in regard to the potato rot. Occasionally a hill or two may be seen affected, but it is nothing very alarming. It came on last year, in this section, before this date. It may come on yet, but we feel encouraged that it will not to so great an extent as last season. The weather changed last Tuesday, (the 18th,) to much cooler than it had been for some time previously, which we think favorable to the preservation of the crop in question.

MANURE. It is well known that in a close stable, where there are a good many horses, there is a very pungent smell affecting the eyes and nose, more particularly when the stable is being cleaned out. This smell is occasioned by the flying off of ammonia, which is the very essence and value of manure, and which volatilizes or flies off at a very low temperature—even the warmth of the manure in a stable, will send it off, and it goes off in great quantities by the common heat of the manure in a farm yard, whether thrown up in heaps or not. There is, however, a very cheap and simple remedy for this. Before you begin to clean out your stable, dissolve some common salt in water; if a four horse stable, say 4 lbs. of salt, dissolved in two buckets of water and poured through the nose of a watering pot over the stable floor an hour or so before you begin to move the manure, and the volatile salts of ammonia will become fixed salts from their having united with muriatic acid of the common salt, and the soda thus liberated from the salt will quickly absorb carbonic acid, forming carbonate of soda; thus you will retain with your manure the ammonia which would otherwise have flown away, and you have also a new and important agent thus introduced, viz: the carbonate of soda. As this is a most powerful solvent of all vegetable fibre, and seeing that manures have to be rendered soluble before they can act upon vegetation, it will be at once apparent that the carbonate of soda so introduced must be a most powerful and valuable agent.

[Valuable paper.]

MR. EDITOR: When I was "out west" a short time since, I ate some excellent Marmalade made of wild plums: perhaps some of your readers would like the recipe for making it.

PLUM MARMALADE. Put your plums into a tin or brass kettle, with just enough water to cook them, cover them closely and boil them till they are done. Rub them through a colander or tin sieve, and to each pound of pulp or juice put a pound of sugar. Boil it a long time, till the marmalade becomes quite thick. Be sure to stir it constantly while boiling.

All marmalades are made in the same manner. The parings of quinces may be kept separate from the cores, and prepared as above.

Common brown sugar should never be used for sweetmeats without cleansing. It prevents fermentation and the alcoholic taste that follows.

RECIPE FOR CLEANSING SUGAR. To each pound of sugar, add one table spoonful of coarsely powdered charcoal, and to every five pounds of sugar, add the white of one egg and a pint of cold water; stir the whole together, thoroughly, place it over the fire and boil 15 minutes. After taking off the thick scum, strain the syrup through a cloth till it is as thick as melted sugar before adding your fruit.

[We take the liberty of suggesting that the charcoal, after being powdered coarsely, be put into a sieve, the dust separated, and only the coarser part added to the syrup. We think this would make less straining necessary.]

[Michigan Farmer.]

THE CRANBERRY.

We have received a circular from Sullivan Bates Esq. of Massachusetts, on the subject of the cranberry culture, a part of which we copy. Mr. Bates understands to be engaged in growing this fruit.

Fellow-Citizens: As much has been said on the subject of the cultivation of the cranberry, and as many communications of inquiry on that subject are daily received by me, I propose to give such information to the public as my experience will permit.

"First. Select a situation for your cranberry field on a clay soil, on such as is not liable to lake, or on a dark loam soil, or on any moist soil where there is a mixture of sand. Most of our reclaimed lands, such as can be made moderately dry, are well adapted to grow the cranberry. In fact, most soils that are natural to grow the potato are suitable for the cranberry; yet the first mentioned soils should be preferred. I think there are portions of most of the farms situated in the Middle States and their vicinity that are well adapted to grow the cranberry; and I should propose to all desirous of commencing the business, to put their plants on different parts of their soil, and by so doing the better soils may be ascertained. As far as I have observed, there are three varieties of the cranberry, viz: the barberry, the cherry, and the bell. I have never known any variety of the berry that would naturalize to dry soil except the bell cranberry. This species grows much in the form of an egg. When in the wild state, it is inclined to grow on the borders of cranberry bogs, spreading its way to upland soil. This species is much larger than the others, in its wild state. Persons engaging in the cultivation of the article, should commence with the last mentioned species; and by commencing with those that have been cultivated and naturalized to a dry soil, they will much sooner accomplish their object, and with much less trouble and expense, as the plants multiply and increase abundantly. Persons commencing with one or two thousand will be able to obtain plants of their own raising sufficient to transplant acres, in two or three years.

"Second. Prepare your soil the same as for sowing grain, by plowing, harrowing, and making your soil even. Then mark it out in drills, 18 or 20 inches apart, putting the plants in the drills, five or six inches apart. Hoe them slightly at first, till the roots become clinched, and afterwards no other cultivation is needed. The plants may be expected to run together and cover the whole soil in two or three years. The cranberry grown by cultivation usually yields from 150 to 400 bushels per acre; its fruit is two or three times as large as the wild fruit, and of a beautiful flavor; it readily keeps sound from the harvest time of it to the time of harvest again. The fruit is generally gathered in September. It is gathered with wire-teth rakes, made for the purpose. One man will generally gather from thirty to forty bushels per day, with the aid of a boy to pick up the scattering fruit.

"Persons wishing for plants can have their supply of the subscriber—price \$7 per thousand; for less quantities than one thousand, the rate of eight dollars per thousand will be charged. The plants will be carefully packed in mud or moss and well boxed, which will enable them to go a great distance in a fresh state.

"The proper time for fall transplanting is October and November; for spring, from the opening of the same till about the 10th of May. Persons wishing for plants are requested to send their orders as early as the first of September, for fall transplanting, and during the winter for spring."

Mr. Bates also offers to supply the fruit to those ordering it. His terms are two dollars per box; the boxes are 14 inches square and 7 deep.

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY. How to remove a Spark or Cinder from the Eye. Every one who has travelled upon a railroad, has experienced more or less annoyance with the sparks, or cinders from the locomotive, which often lodge in the eye. A friend recommends the following very simple, but efficacious method for relief in such cases; and having seen its operation, we present it to our readers.

Should the obstruction be in the upper part of the eye, take the eyelashes of the upper lid between the fingers of one hand, and draw it away from the eyeball, while with the other hand, press the lower row of eyelashes completely underneath, (between the eyeball and the upper lid,) closing the eye firmly, at the same instant. A little gentle working, to and fro, of eyelid, with the finger—thus thoroughly lapped over each other—will immediately remove the obstruction. Should the cinder have lodged in the lower part of the eye, place the upper row of eyelashes in the same position, underneath the lower lid (as described above), and the relief is certain.

This may appear simple, and so it is, but we recommend a trial of it, and charge nothing for the advice. [Ex.]

MANURES: NATURE'S RECIPROCITY SYSTEM. Mr. Downing: The indefatigable Liebig, after his searching analyses into the nature and wants of vegetables, has arrived, it seems, at the conclusion, that, although other substances will be occasionally beneficial, yet we must resort to the Barn-yard for the only substance which contains all the elements that plants require!

To my mind, there is something satisfactory in being brought back, after a tour of impatient search for fertilizers, to the simple usage of the earliest agriculturists, and there is a moral lesson taught by this result, which makes us admire, as well as rely on the wise and beneficent laws of the Creator. He has so ordered it that the animals, and the land which sustains them, shall not only be mutually necessary and beneficial to each other, but all-sufficient; that when he decreed that man should live "by the sweat of his brow," and to struggle with "thorns and thistles," he provided not only the most powerful aid at the threshold of every cultivator, but a substance which would have been a nuisance if it had been useless.

The pursuit of the natural sciences often conduct us to positions, whence we can "look through nature, up to nature's God," and it adds a charm to the fascinations of country life, that it affords us the best opportunities for the cultivation of those sciences.

PARSNIPS AS HOG-FOOD.

Messrs. Editors: I beg to add my testimony in favor of parsnips as hog-feed; I know no root, potatoes not excepted, that can be compared with them for this purpose. I have seen them thus used very largely in the old country and for many years, taking the lead of every thing, grain only excepted; while I have always considered the meat of hogs fed upon them and a small addition of meal, superior to corn-fed pork, and that in no small degree. Where the crop is grown for this purpose on a large scale, they are fed at first in their raw state, and without corn or grain. Presently the animals become dainty, and begin to eat only the heart of the root, rejecting the outer coatings, when the feeder begins to boil them, and then they go down wholesale. And it is not until the animals have made considerable progress in feeding, that any meal is used, beginning with a small proportion, which however, never requires to be much augmented, before the business is finished.

The kind of parsnips used for this purpose is the Guernsey variety, which do not grow large at the crown of the root, but continue full in size a considerable way, and taper pretty suddenly. These are taken up by the plough, first throwing a furrow from each side of the row, and then cutting them off at the root by a third furrow, leaving the small and useless part of the taproot in the ground; a business, no longer of trouble or difficulty.

Parsnips are grown with much less labor than carrots, requiring less care in the management of the crop, and are absolutely invulnerable to the weather, whether in the ground or out of it. The crop is very large on well manured and thoroughly cultivated ground, amounting to 900 or 1000 bushels per acre; but it must be admitted, they are great feeders in their way, returning, however, all they have ever received, and with interest too, into the pork-barrel, as also in the shape of milk and butter, of which I shall have to say a few words, on some future occasion.

[Box. Cult.] JACOB DOWDNEY.

THE DEW.

The theory of the dew is interesting to all the admirers of nature, and illustrates in a striking manner the beautiful economy of the operations of her system. Professor Johnson, in his agricultural chemistry, remarks, that—"The dew is celebrated at all times, and in every tongue for its sweet influence, presents the most beautiful and striking illustration of the agency in the economy of nature, and exhibits one of the wisest and most beautiful adaptations, by which the whole system of things, animate and inanimate, is fitted and bound together. All bodies on the surface of the earth radiate or throw out rays of heat, in straight lines—every warm body emits colder—and the entire surface itself is continually sending rays upward thro' the clear air into free space. Thus on the earth's surface all bodies strive, as it were, after an equal temperature, (an equilibrium of heat,) while the surface as a whole tends generally towards a cooler state. But while the sun shines this cooling will not take place, for the earth then receives in general more heat than it gives off; and if the clear sky be shut out by a canopy of clouds, these will arrest and again prevent it from being speedily dissipated. At night, then, when the sun is absent, the earth will cool the most; on clear nights, also, more than when cloudy, and when clouds only partially obscure the sky, those parts will become the coolest which look towards the clearest portions of the heavens."

Now when the surface cools, the air in contact must cool also, and like the warm currents on the mountain side, must forsake a portion of the watery vapor it has hitherto retained. This water, like that floating mist on the hills, descends in particles almost infinitely minute. These particles collect upon every leaflet, and suspend themselves from every blade of grass, in drops of "pearly dew." And mark here a beautiful adaptation. Different substances are endowed with the property of radiating their own heat, and thus becoming cool with different degrees of rapidity; and these substances, which, in the air, become cool at first, also attract first, and most abundantly, the particles of falling dew.

MANUFACTURE OF GLASS. A correspondent of the Christian Mirror gives the following account of the manufacture of tumblers:

"As the manufacture of the pressed glass tumblers may not have been witnessed by many of your readers, I will describe it in a few words. In the first place, they have a brass mould, consisting of a solid mass, about as large over as a half-peck measure, containing a hollow in it, exactly in the form of the tumbler to be made, with a follower of brass, of the same form, but so much smaller as to fit the inside of the tumbler. When the two parts of the mould are put together, the space between them is the exact thickness of the vessel required.

In the process of manufacturing, three men and two boys are required. The first thing done, is for one of the men to dip an iron rod in the melted glass, and move it about till he has a sufficient quantity of the fluid mass on the end of his rod; he then holds it over the hollow of the mould, and with a pair of shears, cuts off what he judges to be just enough to constitute the tumbler. Instantly the other man brings down the follower with level power, and the melted glass is so compressed, as to fill the cavity of the mould. He then turns his mould bottom up, with a little blow, and the tumbler drops red hot upon a stone table. One of the boys, with an iron rod having a little melted glass on its end, presses it on the bottom of the tumbler, and it slightly adheres. He then holds it in the mouth of a glowing furnace, turning it rapidly, till it is almost in a melting state, when the third man takes it, and whirling the rod and tumbler on a sort of arm of a chair, he holds a smooth iron tool against the edge of the tumbler till all the roughness is removed from its edges, when a boy takes the rod from him, and by a slight stroke on the end of it, drops the tumbler and places it in a hot oven, to cool gradually. These five hands will make a beautiful tumbler in about 40 seconds, or about 100 in an hour."

FROM THE ALBANY CULTIVATOR.

HARVEST HOME.

When autumn freely yields
All her golden treasures,
Then those who reap the fields,
Partake of harvest pleasures.
This, indeed, is harvest home;
Those who labor daily,
Well know 'tis sweet to come,
And pass the evening gaily.
Then let each heart be light,
Here's no room for sorrow,
Joy holds her court to-night,
Care may come to-morrow.

Now let the laborer wipe his brow,
Rest and plenty wait him,
Bread, cellar, rick, and now,
Are fitted to recreate him.
Scythe, sickle, rake, and hoe,
All are now expended,
Like trophies in a row,
For future use intended.
Then let each heart be light, &c.
Now gay Pommey's store,
Past exertion blest,
Rich streams of nectar pour,
Sparkling from her press.
Full goblets streaming broad,
Crown the farmer's labors,
These rare bliss afford,
When shared by friendly neighbors.
Then let each heart be light,
Here's no room for sorrow,
Joy holds her court to-night,
Care may come to-morrow.

PROPER SOIL FOR THE ROSE.

The proper soil for the Rose is strong rich loam, and well decomposed vegetable mould, or cow-dung or horse-dung; but as we are too often already provided with the kind of soil we are obliged to use, and the gardens and situations for our Roses are generally ready made, all we must do is to modify and supply the deficiency, if any, as well as we can. If the soil be light, holes must be dug, and loam and dung forked in at the bottom of the hole, as well as the hole be filled up with the same mixture; for troublesome as this may be, it is the only way to secure a good growth and bloom, and it is next to useless to plant roses in poor light soil without this precaution. Kitchen gardens well kept up, will always grow the Rose well, and unless the soil be very poor and very light, a good spadeful of rotten dung mixed with the soil where the Rose is planted, will answer all the purpose. Among the evils of poor soil for the Rose, it is not the least, that it frequently makes the flower that would otherwise be double, come single or semidouble, so as to destroy all identity of the variety by its bloom; and although many thousands of roses not worth a penny have been sent out, many others which did not deserve it have been condemned, because the party who was growing them knew nothing about their cultivation, and started them into a false character. As, however, it is difficult to give the Rose too rich a soil, it may be as well even if you think it good enough, to work in a spadeful of dung with it; for it will do no harm, even if the state of the ground be ever so good. We have no doubt that the Rose would flourish in rotten turfs, and when they are to be grown in pots it is practicable to give them this invaluable stuff to grow in; but unless it be a recently turned-up pasture, there is nothing approximating to it out of doors, and even this is far less supplied with the rotted grass, than when turfs are cut thin to rot for use. As a general principle, then, it may be laid down that the Rose requires rich soil; and that if you have it not, you must change the nature of what you have, by means of dung, or loam, or both. [Farmer and Mechanic.]

STEAM—ROBERT FULTON.

All new ideas have, on their first introduction, met with opposition and persecution, and their originators have been hooted at as enthusiasts or madmen. It is only of late, since the introduction of the common school system, and the consequent enlightenment of the mass, that any degree of faith is placed in "new discoveries" and "inventions." Previous to this, it appears as if the majority of people had but one method of thinking—they thought as their fathers thought before them, and considered any deviation from that mode as an innovation, and an insult to the memory of their ancestors. Hence, all new ideas, all new projects, were treated with contempt, and their authors looked upon with suspicion. And this prejudice was not confined to any particular portion of the community, but pervaded all classes—all joined in demonstrations against those who had courage enough to leave the old and beaten path—to seek and carve out a new one for themselves. Perhaps the first application of steam for the propulsion of boats, will furnish a more striking illustration of this fact than any other of the many "new ideas" that have since been received by the people with delight, and whose authors—after death, and when of no avail—have been honored with costly monuments and splendid biographies! Ten, or even a few years before, experiments were actually made, the idea of propelling a boat against a rapid tide, and at an increased velocity, was described as a thing which none but a madman could tolerate. And, to show how far this prejudice was carried, and by whom entertained, we cannot do better, and, perhaps, cannot communicate any thing more interesting than by making a few extracts from a file of old papers in our possession. We find in one of them the following:—

"It appears that the House of Representatives of the United States have refused to Fulton the use of their Hall for the delivery of a lecture on steam navigation, on the direct ground that his notions on that subject were a 'visionary scheme.'"

Something more of the same kind is given in the proceedings of the American Philosophical Society. It was a reply to a communication from a Society in Rotterdam, respecting a new engine, &c., in 1803. The subject was referred to one of its members, B. H. Latrobe, Esq., who made a report to the Society, which was adopted as its answer, and sent to Rotterdam. An extract from that report is as follows:—

"A sort of mania began to prevail, which, in

deed, has not yet entirely subsided, for impelling boats by steam engines. * * * Nothing in the success of any of these experiments appeared to be a sufficient compensation for the expense and extreme inconvenience of the steam engine in the vessel. There are, indeed, general objections to the steam engine for impelling boats, from which no particular mode of application can be free. These are—1st, the weight of the engine and the fuel; 2d, the large space it occupies; 3d, the tendency of its action to rack the vessel, and render it leaky; 4th, the expense of maintenance; 5th, the irregularity of its motion, and the motion of the water in the boiler and cistern, and of the fuel vessel in rough water; 6th, the difficulty arising from the liability of the paddles or oars to break, if light, and from the weight, if made strong."

Bourienne, the schoolmate of Napoleon, and at the time, his confidential Secretary, records as follows:—"At the commencement of 1801, Fulton presented Bonaparte his memorial on Steam Navigation. I urged a serious examination of the subject. 'Bah,' said he, 'these projects are all either intrigues or visions. Don't trouble me about the business.'"

It appears, therefore, that all have been disappointed, and that notwithstanding the House of Representatives, the American Philosophical Society, and Napoleon, all thought Fulton a visionary, yet he still persevered—surmounted every obstacle, and in a few years after, gave practical effect to a branch of science which has since revolutionized the world—benefitted commerce—annihilated distance, and been one of the means of making our Republic what it is—a country to be wondered at and gazed upon by a bewildered world.

By the way, we have a few little facts to relate of Fulton, which were communicated to us some time ago, by a gentleman who resides in the same section of country in which Fulton passed his early years. It appears that he was a universal genius—nothing came amiss to him—whenever he wanted an article, no matter what, he made it himself. He was a most excellent shot, and used a beautiful rifle of his own manufacture. He was accustomed to ride in a little two-wheeled affair, also made by himself—and could tell the exact distance he had traveled—not by looking at the mile-stones, but by calculating the number of revolutions the wheels had made—having at first ascertained the number of revolutions in a given distance. He was considered a "quaker fellow" by his neighbors, but was generally beloved and respected. He was a poor boy once—his name is now enrolled on the golden scroll of fame, with Franklin, Rittenhouse, and other worthies who have benefited the human race, and whose names are now immortalized. [Alex. Messenger.]

WEEDS. A very common instance of neglect at this season of the year, and through the middle and latter part of summer, is the omission of the continued destruction of weeds. Corn, potatoes, rutabagas, carrots, and other hoed crops, usually receive one or two good dressings with the hoe and cultivator early in the season, and are afterwards neglected. How many fields of corn, exhibit in autumn, when the crop is cut up and cleared off, a smooth clean surface, like a newly ploughed field, as they ought to! instead of which, we far more frequently see half a ton of luxuriant weeds to the acre.

The old saying is, "one year's seeding will make five years' weeding." But there is another reason why weeds should never be suffered to go to seed. The exhaustion caused by growing vegetables, which are destroyed on the surface, and not buried in the soil, every one knows; but the exhaustion produced by the formation and ripening of seed, is not so well appreciated. It has been justly remarked, that it requires more strength of soil to form the half-ounce of seed on a single plant of the turnip, than to grow the large succulent bulb in the ground, though weighing fifteen pounds. Hence the great importance of never allowing a crop of weeds to draw the life from the soil in ripening a crop of seed.

The importance of cutting up and destroying weeds when only an inch high, before they have shaded and stunted the young crop, and when the work can be done with one tenth of the labor subsequently required, needs no reasoning to show its policy. The advantage of keeping the soil entirely free from the seeds of weeds, so that the necessary stirring of the surface may be entirely performed by the plough and cultivator, instead of by hand, is equally obvious. [Albany Cultivator.]

THE LONGEST BRIDGE IN THE WORLD. The Boston Transcript says, the land of Celestials boasts the largest bridge in the world, and this, according to travellers, is the bridge of Layang, over an arm of the sea in China. It is built in a similar way as the bridges of Babylon, but entirely of stone. Its length is said to be 26,000 Paris feet, and comprises 3000 arches, or rather openings of pillars. These are not overpassed by arches, but there are placed above them large slabs of stone, which form the roadway, 70 feet broad. The distance of the pillars is nearly 74 1-2 feet, the latter being 70 high and 15 broad, and strengthened with stone facings of the form of triangular prisms, which extend over the whole height of the pillars up to the transversal slabs. The latter (of course more than 70 feet long) extend in breadth to 15 feet, and have 9 feet in thickness. The parapet is a balustrade, and every pillar supports a pedestal on which a lion, 31 feet long, and made of one block of marble, is placed.

EXPORT OF BREAD STUFFS. It is altogether unexampled that such immense shipments of bread stuffs should have been made from this country during the last six months, and yet the price be so slightly affected at home. We know not how to account for it, except on the confidence which the dealers and growers have in the capacity of the country to increase its supply from the next crops. From New York alone, during the last six months, there have been exported to foreign countries,

Bbls. Flour	460,101
Bush. Wheat	380,432
Bush. Corn	544,614
Bush. Rye	175,140
Bush. Barley	99,324
Tierces of Rice	17,263

Besides this, great quantities have been shipped from New Orleans, Baltimore, Richmond, Philadelphia, Alexandria—and even from Boston 850,000 bbls. flour have been shipped.

[Newburyport Herald.]

PIN MAKING. A London paper says that a new machine for the making of pins has just been completed. It is called "The Regina." Strings of wire enter it upon the one side, by thousands, and almost immediately appear at the other, as pins in the most perfect form, literally headed and pointed to a degree of perfection defying microscopic power to detect a fault in shape and finish.

the bors in the Temperance cause."

FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

The New Orleans papers of the 9th contain later information from our army, received on the 8th by arrivals from Brazos Santiago, bringing letters from Matamoros to the 17th of July, and Camargo to the 27th. We make our summary from the Brazos papers and the English Punch.

There were at Camargo, the 5th and 7th regiments of Infantry, one company of the 8th, one company of the 3d U. S. Artillery, a section of Bragg's Artillery, also two companies of Dean's Rangers under McCulloch and Gillespie, all forming quite an army.

The reports from the interior were that the Mexicans commenced fortifying Monterey on the 20th of June, and at the very latest date had ten heavy cannon in position. The state of Nueva Leon, of which Monterey is the capital, had been preemptorily called upon to furnish 7000 men for the army, but not a soul had stepped forward to join; further, there is a force of 8000 in the neighborhood of Linares: while to sum up, it is asserted that Fariñas had reached San Luis Potosi with a force of 3000 men, on his way to Monterey. These rumors are regarded by the correspondent of the *Pineyave* as but partially true; but the difficulty is to decide what is true and what mere rumor.

Army stores were arriving at Camargo by mule, every boat bringing as much as she could stow, while preparations were rapidly going on to start much of it toward Monterey.—An Irishman living at Camargo, had contracted to furnish not less than one thousand pack mules for the use of the army.

A small party of rangers were to leave on the 24th for Mier, and in three or four days another party were to reconnoitre the road as far as Chihuahua, in the direction of Monterey.

Actual warfare operations do not appear to be anticipated till fall.

Godfrey Pope, who was an officer of the Kentucky volunteers, was recently shot near Matamoros by a sentinel. It was late in the evening or night; the sentinel challenged Mr. Pope as he approached him; he continued to advance without giving the countersign, whereupon the sentinel fired and killed him. He was put under arrest, but on an investigation of this unfortunate occurrence he was discharged.—[*Traveller*.]

FROM OUR ARMY IN MEXICO. We copy from the *Union* the following extracts of letters just received, of later dates than any that we have published:

"The subsistence Gen. Taylor calls for—that is, three hundred thousand rations—is now at or near Camargo. We are now throwing up forts, ammunition, and other supplies—the boats taking moderate loads in order to accommodate troops.

"A company of Texan rangers came into Camargo a few days since, having started from San Antonio de Bexar, crossed the Rio Grande at Laredo, and passed through Mier. In this descending the right bank, they met with no molestation, saw no rising for defence, but found all things in tranquility.

"When the Louisiana volunteers were about going out, and had many good horses for sale, it was deemed expedient by Gen. Taylor, as well as myself, that the opportunity should not be lost of putting the light artillery and Bragg's company in a fit condition for the field, as the horses called for from New Orleans might not arrive in time for the march. In this way these companies have been recruited at once, and Capt. Duncan's company has already marched for Camargo. The price has not always been moderate, but in no instance extravagant.

"MATAMOROS, July 31, 1846. "General Taylor has issued orders directing the remaining troops to move up to Camargo without delay. The trains, it is feared, will be inadequate. To remedy this he will buy and hire all the mules he can. The last report from Camargo is favorable. A contract has been made for fifteen hundred mules and packs complete. Gen. Taylor goes to Camargo in a few days to ascertain the points by which complete all arrangements. Horse shoes are now coming in; we were likely to suffer for them and for forges. Forage and subsistence is abundant. The United States steamer *Neve*, sunk on her way up to Camargo with cargo on board. No lives lost, but much company baggage and supplies.

"IMPORTANT INVENTION. We have had occasion to examine the exterior of an instrument, purporting to be capable of exposing the exact longitude of the place in which it may be located, either upon sea or land, with the most perfect accuracy, and with no more difficulty of construction than to ascertain the points by casting your eyes upon a compass. If this instrument—comprised, as it is, within a small space—should prove competent to the purpose for which it is put forth, it will be an immensely valuable addition to Science. The inventor is Mr. Jacob Alich, of Wilmington, Delaware, who although he does not appear desirous of obtruding his invention upon the public, is yet willing that it should be seen by scientific men.—[*Atlas*.]

"DISTRESSING ACCIDENT. A most heart-rending accident occurred at Youngburg, Vt. last Saturday. Daniel Ray, a young man about 27, while bathing in a pond in that town, accidentally stepped off where the water was deep, and being unable to swim became frightened and was about being drowned, when two men, Samuel Goodwin and Byron Briggs went to his assistance, and in attempting to rescue him he grappled with them, and not being able to extricate himself they all went to the bottom together. They were found the next day, and two children, 33 years old, and his wife, and two children, Briggs was about 13 years old.

"THE SLAVE TRADE. The *Liberia Herald* of the 13th June says:—"The slave trade here is breathing its last gasp. The British cruisers have so severely investigated these dens of blood and death that the slavers at the Galenas have given their slaves to the natives, and some of them we have been informed, are waiting with impatience an opportunity to quit the coast. Those at New Cestos, making a virtue of necessity, have embarked on the palm-oil trade. Success to this branch of their business."

"GREAT STORM AT NASHUA. The *Nashua Telegraph* of Friday gives particulars of a most destructive storm, almost unprecedented in this part of the country, which occurred at that place on Friday afternoon. The storm combined hail, rain, wind, and thunder and lightning, was attended with loss of life, and the damage by the blowing down of buildings, chimneys, fences, trees, &c., and the breaking of glass, was immense. It is impossible to estimate the amount of broken in the village. In many houses there is scarcely a whole square left on the exposed side. In the machine shop more than a thousand squares are broken. In the central building, in which is our office, there are four hundred. Other buildings suffered in nearly the same ratio. We have heard of a thousand on the west side of Maine street between Front and Water streets.

"THE PENOBSCOT WHIG CONVENTION assembled in Bangor on Thursday last, and nominated George W. Chamberlain, of Carmel, W. C. Stewart, of Hallowell, and J. Washburn, Jr. of Orono, for the Senate. H. V. Poor, of Bangor, for County Treasurer. Samuel Boutwell, of Dixmont, for County Commissioner. Isaac S. Whitman, Bangor, for Clerk of the Courts, Isaac W. Patten, for Register of Deeds.

"At the Congressional Convention in the afternoon of the same day, Hon. SARGENT KROSVEN of Kingsbury, was nominated for Congress.

"THE CALIFORNIA EXPEDITION. Three merchant ships have been chartered to take out the new York Regiment to California. They are the *Susan Drew*, *Loo Choo* and *Thos. H. Perkins*, all Boston ships. The two first get 20,000 dollars each, and the latter \$22,000. The expedition will not sail, it is said, until the first of September.

"TO WINE DRINKERS. It is not generally known that wine baths are quite common in France—nevertheless such is the case. The Duke of Clarence is not the only gentleman who has enjoyed an immersion in malmsay. Punch has tried it with the very best effect. Only imagine! Punch—the English Punch—swimming in French wine, and kicking, and plunging, and laughing, until the tears ran down his cheeks, and never thinking of the expense—a five franc piece!

"What! a five franc piece for a tub full of wine? Hurrah! Vive la France!"

"Gentle—gentle! At least fifty others bathed in the same wine—after Punch. The keeper of the *bagno* had a preference for Punch, and gave him the first dip. After him came fifty others, making in all fifty five franc pieces. A good price for the tub."

"The wine was then thrown out?"

"Not at all. Not so, by any means."

"Bottled! and for what purpose?"

"Why, for drink, to be sure."

"Drink! Who would drink such stuff?"

"Why, the English do—the Yankees do! The latter import it in large quantities. It is a great favorite in Yankee land."

"Now dear wine-drinking friends, anti-temperance friends, when you next smack your lips over a glass of champagne or burgundy, reflect that a Lyonsese alderman may possibly have bathed in it, and see if the reflection will assist you in appreciating its flavor. [Sunday Times.]

"JEWISH EMIGRANTS. A foreign paper, in speaking of the rage for emigration from the German States to the United States has the following:—"A large and peculiar troop of emigrants to America passed here this day. The whole company consisted of Jews from the neighboring town of Oberdorf. The poverty which characterizes the appearance of German emigrants for America is happily not perceptible in this instance. On the contrary, affluence appeared to pervade their ranks. Elegant omnibuses conveyed the parties to the place of embarkation, and all were well dressed, particularly the handsome Jewish girls, who formed no mean part of the company. The whole had a gay and cheerful appearance. The company carries with them a 'Sepher Torah,' (Scroll of the Law), which they had solemnly dedicated to the synagogue of Oberdorf, previous to their departure."

"COMMENCEMENT AT BRUNSWICK. Commencement will occur on the first Wednesday of Sept. The oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, will be on Thursday by Rev. Dr. Jenks of Boston, who was for many years settled in this State, and a Trustee and Professor at the College.

"We understand that the Orations before the American and Athenian Societies will be on Tuesday afternoon as usual—the former by Dr. John P. Cleveland, late of Michigan, the latter by the Hon. George Lunt of Newburyport.

"On the afternoon of Wednesday, it is expected there will be a meeting of the Historical Society of Maine, and a Discourse before that Society by the Hon. George Folsom, formerly of Saco in this State, now of New York. [Advertiser.]

"SUDDEN DEATH. Capt. Joseph Hook, of Skowhegan, Me. died very suddenly on Wednesday afternoon, in the mail coach from Skowhegan to Dexter. He left home in the morning, well, with the intention of proceeding to Brighton, in this State, to oversee the erection of some mills, and proceeding some ways, he walked up a hill, got into the coach again in apparently good health, when he pitched forward and died almost without a struggle. He was left at the nearest house, and an express sent to Skowhegan to inform his family there.

"WHEAT. We are informed by an intelligent farmer from Wheatland, in the South part of this county, that the wheat which has been thrashed in that section does not yield well according to the amount of straw and the appearance of the grain when growing. The yield is good, but the yield is at least one-third less than was anticipated, and considerably below an average.

"We know not how generally this may be the case, but the above information, so far as it goes, may be relied on.—[Rochester American.]

"POIROTOS. We regret to state that, from information reached us from various quarters of the Lower Provinces, symptoms of rot have again manifested themselves in the potato crop, though not as yet to a very alarming extent.

"At River du Loup (en bas), Caen, and other places in that district, the rot has again appeared in the potato crop, and the gentleman from the Eastern Townships informs us that in every direction there the drooping vine of the plant but too plainly tells the farmer of the destruction of his crop.

"At Valcartier also, we have been told, the rot has appeared.—[Quebec Mercury.]

"THE WIFE OF PARADES. The Savannah Republican says:—"A captain in the American navy, well and favorably known in Savannah, who is intimately acquainted with the Mexican president, informs us that his wife is remarkable for great coolness in danger, as well as for her unyielding devotion to her country. She always accompanies the army on horseback, and on several occasions has been known to dress her husband's wounds with her own hands on the field of battle."

"CHOLERA ON BOARD THE COLUMBUS. A letter written on board the U. S. ship *Columbus*, dated from Havana, April 10th, states that soon after leaving for Matilla, on the 14th of March last, the Asiatic cholera broke out among the crew, and carried off thirteen in a very short time. There were thirty or forty cases in all, but for ten days no new cases had appeared, and those who were sick were rapidly recovering.—[The Columbus sailed from Hong Kong May 19th for the Sandwich Islands.]

"A CAUTIOUS FELLOW. We learn by a man 'who was there' that a few days ago, in Berwick, Me., a good honest looking country fellow was looking at the telegraphic wires there with astonishment. A passer by asked him what he thought of it. 'Well, I don't know exactly,' replied the fellow, 'but I am sure they won't get me to ride on the darned thing—they wires and posts would tear my breeches all to pieces.' [Argus.]

"DROWNED ON THURSDAY AFTERNOON, at Little Cheague, Mr. John Libby of Portland, aged 24, Capt. Samuel Porter, Mr. Libby, and another man were in a small boat, for the purpose of going to Long Island, when Libby and the other man carelessly leaning on the side of the boat, it upset—Libby became frightened and sank. He was immediately recovered by Capt. Porter and taken to the shore, and every means used to resuscitate him, but in vain.—[Adv.]

"THE NEW COTTON FACTORY at Bensonville, two miles west of this village, has been started. It is fitted up with the latest improved machinery, which is the most beautiful in operation we ever beheld.—With the capital the company have, a large business will undoubtedly be done, and with the new silk factory and other establishments near by, will create quite a village. Several new dwellings have already been erected in the vicinity, and more are in contemplation. [Northampton Courier.]

"The Norfolk Beacon of Thursday says:—"It is understood that the finding of the late Court of Equity at Fort Monroe, was favorable to Gen. Gaines. It is rumored, however, that the proceedings are to be quashed, owing to some flaw discovered at Head Quarters, and that the Secretary of War contemplates ordering a new Court of Equity. What it is that vitiates the record we have not been able to ascertain.

"A candidate for Congress, our West, sums up his education as follows:—"never went to school but three times in my life, and that was at the village school. I was taught by a teacher didn't come, and Pother night I had no candle."

"The Democrats of Kennebec County held their Convention on Thursday the 13th. Wm. R. Smith, Moses Darnley, and Reuben B. Dunn, were selected as candidates for Senators; William Woot County Treasurer; Stillman Howard, County Commissioner; Daniel T. Pike, Register of Deeds.

"FIRE! The two story dwelling house of Mr. David Varnum of Woolwich, together with a part of his furniture, was destroyed by fire yesterday forenoon. Loss about \$1000 of which \$500 was insured in the Woolwich and Wiscasset mutual office.—[Bath Inquirer.]

"J. S. Wiley, Esq. of Dover, was nominated for Congress in the Penobscot and Piscataquis Congressional District, on the third ballot, by the Democratic Convention held last week.

"The Hon. Freeman H. Morse was nominated for Congress by the Whigs of the Oxford and Lincoln Congressional District, assembled in Convention at Topsham, on Tuesday last.

"STUCK WITH LIGHTNING. At Addison, on Thursday, 6th inst. a daughter of Capt. Coffin Crowley, was instantly struck dead by a flash of lightning, during the tempest in the afternoon of that day.

"COST OF WAR. The whole amount of appropriations made during the last session of Congress was about \$51,144,000 of which sum nearly \$40,000,000 were appropriated for warlike purposes.

"The papers found in Major Andre's boots by his captors, are now being exhibited in New York. A fac simile engraving of them is to be published.

"AUGUSTA PRICE CURRENT. [CORRECTED AUG. 26TH.]

Shoes, per 100 lbs.	Provisions.	Shoes, per 100 lbs.	Provisions.
Asket, 7 @ 8	Clear salt, 2 @ 6	Asket, 7 @ 8	Clear salt, 2 @ 6
Beans, 1 @ 125	Butter, 12 @ 14	Beans, 1 @ 125	Butter, 12 @ 14
White, 1 @ 100	Lard, 7 @ 10	White, 1 @ 100	Lard, 7 @ 10
Flour, 4 @ 45	Butter, 12 @ 14	Flour, 4 @ 45	Butter, 12 @ 14
Grain, 1 @ 100	Butter, 12 @ 14	Grain, 1 @ 100	Butter, 12 @ 14
Corn, 60 @ 72	Butter, 12 @ 14	Corn, 60 @ 72	Butter, 12 @ 14
Oats, 50 @ 60	Butter, 12 @ 14	Oats, 50 @ 60	Butter, 12 @ 14
Wheat, 0 @ 0	Butter, 12 @ 14	Wheat, 0 @ 0	Butter, 12 @ 14
Rye, 84 @ 92	Butter, 12 @ 14	Rye, 84 @ 92	Butter, 12 @ 14
Barley, 60 @ 75	Butter, 12 @ 14	Barley, 60 @ 75	Butter, 12 @ 14
Peas, field, 1 @ 100	Butter, 12 @ 14	Peas, field, 1 @ 100	Butter, 12 @ 14
Hay, house, 7 @ 8	Butter, 12 @ 14	Hay, house, 7 @ 8	Butter, 12 @ 14
Seed, 1 @ 100	Butter, 12 @ 14	Seed, 1 @ 100	Butter, 12 @ 14
Clover, 8 @ 10	Butter, 12 @ 14	Clover, 8 @ 10	Butter, 12 @ 14
Hay, 1 @ 100	Butter, 12 @ 14	Hay, 1 @ 100	Butter, 12 @ 14
H. grass, 1 @ 100	Butter, 12 @ 14	H. grass, 1 @ 100	Butter, 12 @ 14
Plaster, 50 @ 75	Butter, 12 @ 14	Plaster, 50 @ 75	Butter, 12 @ 14
Reed, 6 @ 10	Butter, 12 @ 14	Reed, 6 @ 10	Butter, 12 @ 14
Lime, 1 @ 100	Butter, 12 @ 14	Lime, 1 @ 100	Butter, 12 @ 14
Thompson, new, 1 @ 100	Butter, 12 @ 14	Thompson, new, 1 @ 100	Butter, 12 @ 14
80 @	Butter, 12 @ 14	80 @	Butter, 12 @ 14

"BOSTON MARKET, August 22. Flour.—The article is in less demand, and prices are more in favor of the buyer. Genesee, common brands \$4.15 @ 4.20; Ohio, \$3.87 @ 4.00; Frederickburg, \$4.25 @ 4.30; do. \$4.12; do. Georgetown, extra, \$4.10 @ 4.25, cash.

"Grain.—The transactions in Grain have been principally for New Orleans corn, of various qualities, at 47 @ 54 @ bushel, 32 lbs. to the bushel; a few parcels southern yellow for meal, 62 @ 63c, measure, and prime white 55 @ bushel, do. Oats quite dull of sales, the supply at market large for the season.

"Wool.—American Full Blood, 35 @ 40; Robinson, 31 @ 36; Prime Saxony, fleece, washed, 26 @ 29; Saxony, washed, 24 @ 28; unwashed, 10 @ 14; Buenos Ayres, 10 @ 10; Pulled wool, Northern superior Lauze, 30 @ 35; No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

"BRIGHTON MARKET, Aug. 17. At market 425 beef cattle, 60 pairs working oxen, 60 cows and calves, 2000 sheep, and 800 swine.

"Prices.—Beef Cattle.—We quote extra, \$5.75; first quality, \$5.50; second, \$5.00 @ \$5.25; third, \$4.50 @ \$4.75. Sheep.—Lamb from \$1.50 to \$2.25; old sheep from \$2 to \$2.75. Old hogs 4 and 4 1/2. Small about 5 and 5 1/2. At retail from 5 to 6c.

"Dr. Wood's Sarsaparilla and Wild Cherry Bitters—containing all the salutary qualities of these most valuable articles of the materia medica, combined with the most effective remedial agents, furnish the safest and most effective medicine for jaundice, occasioned by an obstruction of the liver, purgative, dyspepsia, a distending and almost insupportable complaint—prevaling to the greatest extent when the seasons are variable—pimples on the face, which cause so much anxiety on account of their unsightly appearance, and the most distressing skin diseases, are speedily cured by the use of this medicine. It is particularly adapted for the cure of the Sarsaparilla and Wild Cherry Bitters, and receive no other. J. E. LADD, only agent in Augusta.

"Hymeneal. Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour, These dwell no joy in Eden's rose bowers. The world was wild—the garden was a wild; And man, the hermit, sigh'd till woman smiled!

"In this town, on Thursday morning last, by Rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. Benj. E. Sargent of Bangor, to Miss Hannah T. Savage.

"In Thomaston, Capt. John O. Roney to Miss Harriet B. Robinson.

"In Fryeburg, Mr. Charles H. Taylor, of Clark county, Va., to Miss Ellen Chase, daughter of the late Stephen Chase of Fryeburg.

"In Bath, Mr. James Norton to Miss Esther A. Wildes. In Boston, Mr. Rufus Adams of Chelmsford, Mass., to Miss Jane G. Cox of Bristol, Maine.

"In Bangor, Mr. Stephen J. Kimball, merchant, to Miss Jane Walker of S. Mr. Leander Taylor to Miss Harriet Harvel, both of Madison.

"In Brunswick, Mr. Isaac Haskell to Miss Jane Robinson. In Northampton county, Va., Lieut. T. L. Ringgold, U. S. A., to Miss Susan Brown, only daughter of the late Hon. A. M. Ringgold.

"In Saco, Mr. Thomas B. Ellis, Jr., of S., to Miss Hester Ann Emery of Biddeford. In Saco, Mr. Nathan D. Center to Miss Abigail Bickford of Kennebunkport.

"Obituary. Spirit! thy labor is o'er, Thy term of probation is run, Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore, And the race of immortals begun.

"In Palermo, 4th inst. of bilious fever, Mary Albright, daughter of C. S. Worthing, aged 9 years and 8 months. In this town, Eli Leeman, aged 45.

"In Bangor, Mary A., daughter of Rev. Thomas Flanagan. In Thomaston, Mrs. Lucy Ingraham, aged 82. In Bath, Henry P., son of Eliza Clarke, Esq., editor of the Bath Telegraph.

"Drowned, in Bath, in the dock in front of his father's store, Moses B., son of Capt. Obadiah Lincoln, aged 9 yrs. In West Bath, Ezekiah Purinton, aged 41. In Phippsburg, S. W. D. P., Burgess, aged 14. In Bangor, Stephen J. Kimball, merchant. In Atkinson, Samuel R. Hutchins, aged 65. In Newburgh, Emily W., aged 17, and David, Jr. aged 24, son and daughter of David and Sarah Jackson. In Franklin, Horace F. Holmes, aged 22, Mrs. Rachel Upton, aged 50.

"In Buxton, Rufus I. Bacon, youngest son of Dr. David Bacon, aged 23. His disease was brain fever. He was a graduate at West Point, where he took high rank in his studies. His moral character was irreproachable, and he had been the subject of no grief or trial, when in a moment of delirium he took his own life. In Saco, Mary Martin, only daughter of Wm. Noyes, the senior proprietor of the Saco Union, aged 3 years and 4 months.

"ARRIVED. Aug. 15, schr. Connel, Gov. Boston. 20, Van Buren, Pool, do. CLEARED. Aug. 15, schr. Jane, Ingraham, Saco. Rochester, Davis, Boston.

"Kennebec Co. Agricultural Society. The semi-annual meeting of Kennebec County Agricultural Society, will be held at the Court House in Augusta, on the second Wednesday of September next, at one o'clock P. M. All members of said Society are requested to attend. E. O. DEAN, Sec. Sept. 2, 1846.

THICK BOOTS.

"B. MORTON has just received a large assortment of Thick Boots from his Manufactory in Windsor, which he will sell, at wholesale or retail, as low as they can be purchased in the State. Also constantly on hand a large assortment of BOOTS and SHOES, which will be sold on the most reasonable terms. Augusta, Aug. 25, 1846.

"Hardware and Iron Store, No. 4, Phoenix Buildings, Water St., Augusta. ARNO A. BITTLES invites the attention of his friends and others to his large and superior assortment of Hardware from Iron, Steel, Brass, and Copper, and of articles for House building and House furnishing. Also Mechanics' Tools, Cutlery, Mill Saws, Britania Wire, Brushes, Fasteners, &c., all of which will be sold at low prices for cash or approved credit. August 25th, 1846.

"Dissolution. The copartnership heretofore existing under the firm name of FRYE and Frye, was dissolved by mutual consent, on the 18th day of August last. WILLIAM PERCIVAL, GEORGE R. FRYE.

"Copartnership Notice. The subscribers give notice that they have formed a connexion in business, under the firm of G. R. & J. FRYE, and that they will continue to carry on the Dry Goods business in the store lately occupied by Percival & Frye, where they desire for sale a general assortment of goods on favorable terms. GEO. R. FRYE, JOSHUA FRYE. Weeks' Mills, China, Aug. 25, 1846.

"NOTICE. The Selections of August will meet at the house of Samuel Hutchins, on Thursday, Sept. 3, 1846, at 12 o'clock A. M., to receive proposals for making a road, from said Hutchins, on the Range way about 120 rods northward to the land of Nodun Woodward. They will also meet on same day at 2 o'clock P. M., at Osgood Carlton's, near said hill, to receive proposals for making a road out across land of Kennebec Locks and across or water crossing for the same, not being less than a mile, on the Range way, to the land of Jacob Brett. J. A. RAILLARD, J. A. FETTINGHILL, J. J. VELETH. Augusta, August 24, 1846.

"NOTICE. The subscriber having sold his stock of Hardware and Cutlery, and being desirous of settling his accounts, he respectfully requests all persons indebted to him by note or receipt, to call and settle immediately; and all persons having demands against him are requested to present them for payment, on or before the 1st of September next. H. W. FAIRBANKS. Augusta, Aug. 25, 1846.

"Something New! No Humbug!! Pitts' Corn and Cob Mill. I NOW state, for the benefit of farmers, mill owners, and all others who feel any interest in the economy of feeding horses, cattle, sheep and hogs, that I have constructed a new and improved Corn and Cob Mill, which is perfectly adapted to the wants of the farmer. It is simple in construction, durable, and not liable to get out of order. It occupies but little room, and can be operated by horse, mule, or water power, for the same cost as the old mill. It does the work than any other mill in the State. In commendation of my mill, the Editor of the 'Cultivator,' published at Albany, N. Y., says: 'Its advantages are, 1. Great simplicity of construction, not being liable to get out of order; but in case of injury, readily repaired. 2. Portability, occupying less space than the common construction used by farmers. 3. The facility with which it grinds corn and cobs in any condition, its regular adaptation for the same, and its being without the use of a millstone, thus obviating the tendency of the mill to wear or ferment. It does not make fine meal, but is fine enough for any description of stock. 4. The facility with which it can be run together with the millstone, thus obviating the tendency of the mill to wear or ferment. It does not make fine meal, but is fine enough for any description of stock. 5. The facility with which it can be run together with the millstone, thus obviating the tendency of the mill to wear or ferment. It does not make fine meal, but is fine enough for any description of stock. 6. The facility with which it can be run together with the millstone, thus obviating the tendency of the mill to wear or ferment. It does not make fine meal, but is fine enough for any description of stock. 7. The facility with which it can be run together with the millstone, thus obviating the tendency of the mill to wear or ferment. It does not make fine meal, but is fine enough for any description of stock. 8. The facility with which it can be run together with the millstone, thus obviating the tendency of the mill to wear or ferment. It does not make fine meal, but is fine enough for any description of stock. 9. The facility with which it can be run together with the millstone, thus obviating the tendency of the mill to wear or ferment. It does not make fine meal, but is fine enough for any description of stock. 10. The facility with which it can be run together with the millstone, thus obviating the tendency of the mill to wear or ferment. It does not make fine meal, but is fine enough for any description of stock. 11. The facility with which it can be run together with the millstone, thus obviating the tendency of the mill to wear or ferment. It does not make fine meal, but is fine enough for any description of stock. 12. The facility with which it can be run together with the millstone, thus obviating the tendency of the mill to wear or ferment. It does not make fine meal, but is fine enough for any description of stock. 13. The facility with which it can be run together with the millstone, thus obviating the tendency of the mill to wear or ferment. It does not make fine meal, but is fine enough for any description of stock. 14. The facility with which it can be run together with the millstone, thus obviating the tendency of the mill to wear or ferment. It does not make fine meal, but is fine enough for any description of stock. 15. The facility with which it can be run together with the millstone, thus obviating the tendency of the mill to wear or ferment. It does not make fine meal, but is fine enough for any description of stock. 16. The facility with which it can be run together with the millstone, thus obviating the tendency of the mill to wear or ferment. It does not make fine meal, but is fine enough for any description of stock. 17. The facility with which it can be run together with the millstone, thus obviating the tendency of the mill to wear or ferment. It does not make fine meal, but is fine enough for any description of stock. 18. The facility with which it can be run together with the millstone, thus obviating the tendency of the mill to wear or ferment. It does not make fine meal, but is fine enough for any description of stock. 19. The facility with which it can be run together with the millstone, thus obviating the tendency of the mill to wear or ferment. It does not make fine meal, but is fine enough for any description of stock. 20. The facility with which it can be run together with the millstone, thus obviating the tendency of the mill to wear or ferment. It does not make fine meal, but is fine enough for any description of stock. 21. The facility with which it can be run together with the millstone, thus obviating the tendency of the mill to wear or ferment. It does not make fine meal, but is fine enough for any description of stock. 22. The facility with which it can be run together with the millstone, thus obviating the tendency of the mill to wear or ferment. It does not make fine meal, but is fine enough for any description of stock. 23. The facility with which it can be run together with the millstone, thus obviating the tendency of the mill to wear or ferment. It does not make fine meal, but is fine enough for any description of stock. 24. The facility with which it can be run together with the millstone, thus obviating the tendency of the mill to wear or ferment. It does not make fine meal, but is fine enough for any description of stock. 25. The facility with which it can be run together with the millstone, thus obviating the tendency of the mill to wear or ferment. It does not make fine meal, but is fine enough for any description of stock. 26. The facility with which it can be run together with the millstone, thus obviating the tendency of the mill to wear or ferment. It does not make fine meal, but is fine enough for any description of stock. 27. The facility with which it can be run together with the millstone, thus obviating the tendency of the mill to wear or ferment. It does not make fine meal, but is fine enough for any description of stock. 28. The facility with which it can be run together with the millstone, thus obviating the tendency of the mill to wear or ferment. It does not make fine meal, but is fine enough for any description of stock. 29. The facility with which it can be run together with the millstone, thus obviating the tendency of the mill to wear or ferment. It does not make fine meal, but is fine enough

The Muse.

MAN WAS NOT MADE TO MOURN.

There is a voice which haunts me still,
Whence it came I know not,
In every wind that blows,
And on the distant sea—
I hear it in the silent night,
And at the break of morn;
And yet it crieth—dark or light—
Man was not made to mourn!

In every stream that seaward flows,
That voice salutes mine ear;
In every wind that round me blows,
Its thrilling notes I hear;
In every sound of Nature's heart,
The cheerful or the dolorous,
This ever haunts the better part—
Man was not made to mourn!

The sun that glades the summer noon,
The light that brightens all,
The myriad stars, the quiet moon,
The showers from Heaven that fall,
The flowers which on meadows grow,
Our mountain paths adorn—
All, all, in their own fashion show
Man was not made to mourn!

All Nature cries aloud—but man
Regards not Nature's voice;
Perverts her benign plan,
Her workshop destroys—
From her fair book the brightest page
With impious hand has torn,
Yet still she cries, from age to age,
Man was not made to mourn!

O gentle mother! may thy child
Ere long thy lesson read;
Embrace thy precepts, loving, mild,
Thy fraternal creed;
Then shall the blessed end be known
For which he has been born;
And all shall feel from zone to zone,
Man was not made to mourn!

The Story Teller.

JAKE HEYDIGGER.

THE NEWSBOY, OR THE POWER OF KINDNESS.
BY GEORGE LIPFARD, ESQ.

I. Chestnut street by winter twilight.—The Quaker and the Newsboy.

Twilight along Chestnut street, on a cold winter's eve! The air is keen and biting; the sky, with unfathomable blue, is seen far over the roof of the long line of towering buildings, and the blaze of a thousand lights streams from a thousand windows, making the street as bright as day with their glaring radiance. Chestnut street thronged, along each pathway, with uncensured tide of human beings; the belle, plumed and cloaked, passing onward beside the portly banker, with his sour face and broadcloth surcoat; the exquisite, bristled and whiskered, side by side with the hand-drawn mechanic in his coarse roundabout, and uncouth attire; and the sagacious lawyer, with his eye conning pettifoggish tricks out of the very slabs of the pavement; the white cravatted divine, deeply musing on some metaphysical Gordian knot, while his eyes are thrown far ahead, over the crowd of passers-by; the rosy-cheeked child, the wrinkled old, the upstart rich, and the want-ridden poor, all are urging their footsteps along the gorgeous street; while the air is filled with the sound of innumerable voices, and the busy hum of the million arises over the lofty mansions like the echo of far-off shouts.

Amid the throng which crowded Chestnut street on that cold winter's twilight, there walked along, with solemn steps and sober manner, a worthy member of the Peace-Loving society, attired in the voluminous drab coat that marks the creed, while an extensive broad-brimmed hat half-shaded his calm and quiet countenance from the view of the passers-by.

Now he would pause in front of some brilliant window, and gaze on the circle of young and old who were attracted by the gaudy stores opened to their sight; again he would turn aside from the path-way of the living current, and the manner and bearing of the multitude, with a glance that told he was internally endeavoring to divine their characters, their mode of life, their very thoughts, and their motives of action.

At last, reaching the corner of Third and Chestnut street, where a busy throng of boisterous newsboys were shouting the names of their manifold morsels of knowledge, with a clamor and confusion that were at once picturesque and indescribable, the Quaker paused for a moment, and glanced over the features and persons of the noisy crowd.

There they were in their rags and dirt, with their uncouth language; there they were, of all ages, and of every size, from the mere infant just learning to talk, to the experienced boy of twelve, with his very loud piping voice, his very far-fetched oaths, and his extremely ingenious manner of exposing his literary wares for sale.

The Quaker listened to the following conversation with the quiet attention of an attentive observer of human nature.

II. "What does Jake Heydigger do with his money?"—Jake Heydigger and the Quaker. The inquiry and the silver half-dollar.

"I say, Bill—wonder what Jake Heydigger does with all his money?" exclaimed one of the group of newsboys, in that deep bass tone of voice peculiar to newsboys from time immemorial. "What does Jake Heydigger do with his money?"

"Why, I'll tell what it is, boys," cried another newsboy, with an uncultured tow head, topped by a portion of what was once a seal-skin cap. "He sells more than all of us—he does. He drives a smashing business in Extra Ledgers—none of us can touch him in selling Saturday Couriers—there's no use of our trying to hold a candle to him. What does he do with his money?"

The question was singularly pointed. One newsboy observed that Mr. Jacob Heydigger had never delighted any one of the group with an invitation to visit the pit of the theatre; another newsboy remarked, with equal politeness and pathos, that the young gentleman had never treated him to a glass of spruce beer, and a third noticed the fact, that even the paltry compliment of a cent's worth of ground-huts had been denied him. The inquiry assumed a tangible form. The appeal was next made to the young gentleman himself, while the Quaker drew nearer to the group.

"Jake Heydigger, what do you do with your money?"

The group of newsboys gathered round the object of their unanimous interest, with looks of curiosity and words of inquiry. The Quaker drew closer to the group. Jake Heydigger fixed his bundle of Extra Ledgers more firmly under his arm, and then glanced around upon the group. He was a boy of some twelve years of age, short and stout in figure, with a face marked by a bold and dogged outline, half concealed by the tangled masses of hair, which strayed from under his tarnished cap, down along either

sunburnt cheek. His dark grey eyes twinkled merrily from beneath the bulging eyelids, his nose was short and straight, his mouth large, his chin prominent, and the general expression of his face indicated a frank and open disposition, strongly marked by a sort of bull-dog obstinacy and reckless courage.

"And so ye wants to know, does ye?" "Yes we do!"

"Well, fellows, here's what I does with my money," replied Heydigger, with a mysterious gravity of countenance, as he placed the tip of his thumb upon the extremity of his nose, while the outspread fingers waved solemnly to and fro in the air, with a quiet undulating movement.

"That's what I does with my money. 'No you don't, Dicky Riker!'"

This appeal to the memory of the lamented Recorder Riker, of Manhattan celebrity, by no means seemed to pacify the belligerent propensities of the circle of newsboys. Gathering around the short-cloaked Heydigger, with sundry demonstrations of an offensive character, they announced their determination "to hustle him out," which did not exactly meet the decided approbation of the gentleman for whom the hustling out was intended.

"I say, Bill," he shouted, fixing his eye upon a retreating newsboy, some hundred yards up Third street—"the Aeady's (Acadia) arrived, and Queen Victorie's got a rousing big baby—Extrey Ledger, arrival of the Aeady—Queen Victorie's got a baby. Birth o' a Prince of Wales! Look here, fellows," continued Jacob, glancing around, as he elbowed his way through the crowd of juvenile publishers, "don't you be running your rigs on me—let me out, or I'll be arter tellin' you what I does with my money with a couple of wengences! 'Rival o' the Aeady—Queen Victorie's got a baby—birth o' a Prince of Wales!'"

"Friend, what is this there is a crying?" inquired the drab-coated Quaker, as he lowered his broad-brimmed hat to receive the answer of young Heydigger—"what is this there is crying?"

"Extrey Ledger, containin' a wonderful account of how a Prince of Wales was borned with fine black hair on his head, and teeth in his mouth. True as gospel, sir—the Dentest to Her Majesty had to go up to Court the day after the child was borned to fix his teeth, and two barbers was engaged to frizzle his hair. Very extreny, very. Extrey Ledger, sir—cheap as dirt—only one cent, sir—only one cent, whereas the London edition cost two gineas."

The Quaker stooped very calmly down, and taking the bundle of papers from their place, upon Heydigger's right arm, he observed, "thy news is very extraordinary indeed, my young friend. Here is the penny for the Ledger, and now, my young friend, please point me out the item concerning Queen Victoria's infant, will thee?"

"Certainly, sir; certainly, sir," replied Heydigger, handing the Quaker a Ledger. "There it is, there it is," he continued, passing his hand over the unfolded sheet—"there it is, sir, there. Ye can't help finding it, if ye was paid for so doing."

"Grasht! If Heydigger hasn't done the Quaker!" exclaimed the tow-haired news-boy, as he observed the Friend and Jacob walking up Chestnut street, side by side.

"Hasn't he did him brown?" re-echoed the other news-boys; and this point being satisfactorily settled, the disappointed followers of a literary way of life, separated in various directions, leaving the drab-coated Quaker and the short-cloaked Heydigger to pursue their way along Chestnut street unmolested.

The Quaker turned the paper inside out, upside down, and then arranged it crosswise, but was still unable to discover the wonderful item concerning Queen Victoria's extraordinary infant; how it was born with such a fine head of hair, and such well developed teeth of the whitest ivory, to match.

"My young friend, thee has deceived me; thee has certainly told that which is not true." The Quaker folded up the paper, and inserted it in a side pocket. "But tell me, my young friend, what does thee do with the money which thee acquires by selling these papers? I overheard thee talking with the other news-boys. As thee neither goes to theatre, or spends thy earnings in many other foolish ways that thee knows of, what then does thee do with it?"

The news-boy looked upward into the mild and placid face of the Quaker, with an expression, half doubt, half wonder.

"I say, my fine feller," he exclaimed, "what are you arter trying into my business? I hain't so green as you think, by a cart load."

"Nay, my young friend, I didn't say thee was green or blue, or any other color that I remember. But tell me—I have a particular reason for inquiring—how does thee spend thy earnings? Here—does thee see this twenty-five cent piece? Thee shall have it if thee tells me."

"Now, look here, my very respectable old gentleman, for all you look so much like Billy Penn in the picture books, I tell you I hain't to be did in that way. I don't want your money—I hain't no beggar, by no means. If as how you choose to take a quarter's worth o' papers, I'm the child as is ready and willin' to oblige you."

"Nay, nay, my young friend. I mean thee no harm. Take the coin and tell me."

"I'll sell you my papers," repeated Heydigger, "but I hain't a beggar."

The Quaker gazed earnestly into the face of the news-boy, as though he would read every sentiment of his uncultured soul, in the uncouth lines of his swarthy countenance. It was a swarthy countenance, and the features were far from smooth regularity or beauty; yet there was a bounding frankness of spirit, and open candor of soul beaming from the dark grey eye, which gave interest and character to the face, and imparted some tokens of the value of the diamond looked up within the uncouth casket.

"I do not think thee uses thy money for a bad purpose," exclaimed the Quaker, as he placed a silver half-dollar in the hands of the wondering boy—"I'll buy thy lot of papers, without asking what thee does with the earnings. There's the coin, my young friend—hand me the papers, and then hasten to thy home if thee has any."

An expression of acute mental calculation and abstraction came over the news-boy's face as he took the half dollar.

"Hold on, if you please, my good feller," he exclaimed, with a buslike and mannish air, "there's twenty-five Extrey Ledgers, as comes to a quarter—there's a Saturday Post, which makes a quarter and a fifth—there's a Jonathan, a Saturday Courier, and a Weekly Messenger, which jist makes three leives and a fifth and three cents. There's your change, sir, exactly three cents, and I'm very much obliged to you; and if any body ever axes you for a recommend of your carter, just send 'em to me. That's all—good night."

And ere the Quaker could look around, the news-boy was running rapidly along Chestnut street, as though his very existence depended on his speed.

III. The lonely Alley and the ruined tenement. The Boy, the Mother, and the Father.—There is a very good boy, Jacob.—The development of the Quaker's character.

"It is a cold, cold winter evening," suggested our Friend, as he buttoned his voluminous great coat more closely around him, and endeavored to restore animation to his freezing nose, by the application of a handanna handkerchief—"the night is very cold—and—and—there is something about the face of that ragged youth that interests me. Surely I will follow him."

Meanwhile, leaving the gay pathway of Chestnut street, with all its life and fashion far behind him, our young friend Jacob Heydigger, urged his fantastic boots towards the Southern portion of the city, with a celerity that answered all the purposes of a comfortable coal fire with regard to his benumbed limbs.

At last our news-boy arrived in the centre of a dark and gloomy court which diverged from a lonely alley in the southern suburb; and placing his hand against a door made of unfinished boards, in a moment he stood amid a scene of misery and distress, that required no second glance to divine the cause.

He stood in a small apartment, lighted by a dim and misty lamp, which cast a flickering light around the damp and smoky walls, glimmered over the floor of broken boards scattered over the bare earth, and glanced along the low and decayed ceiling. That place had every appearance of extreme penury and desolation. In one corner stood a bed, with tattered covering hanging down to the floor in threads and rags, and the faded form of a female, with her fevered hand resting for support on a withered arm, lay discovered in the light in all the ghastliness and squalor of long continued sickness nursed into despair by want and famine. The form of a man in the prime of life, with broad shoulders, and immense muscular limbs, was extended along the hearth, where a few faint flickering coals afforded an uncertain warmth, and threw a strong light over the outline of the prostrate figure. His face was laid against the bricks of the hearth, and his arms interlocked above his head, were partly concealed by the tangled locks of his dark hair, which fell matted and disordered over his neck, and down either side of his face, until it rested upon the damp earth.

The furniture of the room, consisted of a single chair, which stood by the bed-side supporting the smoking lamp, around which were scattered various phials and other articles, necessary to the sick room.

As the news-boy closed the door behind him, the female raised herself in bed, and a wan and pallid face was disclosed, marked by hollow cheeks, dark eyes surrounded by blue livid circles, a mouth with the lips whitened by disease, a forehead high and pale as marble, while her dark hair, grizzled by the grey of premature age, fell back from her brow, and sweeping in disordered masses down along her neck, disappeared under the folds of the patched coverlid, which was gathered around her shrunken figure, with the nervous grasp of disease and acute pain.

The boy approached the bed-side and spoke. He spoke in a low tone of voice, and the boisterous vulgarity of manner, which marked his conversation in the street, all disappeared as, approaching the bedside, he surrendered his hand to the convulsive grasp of the attenuated fingers of the dying woman extended on the bed before him.

"Bless you, my boy, bless you," she exclaimed in that husky tone of voice which marks the sudden advance of premature decay—"You come with help—you come with succor. May the God of Heaven bless you!"

"Now, mother, there's no use o' takin' on in that ar' way"—Jacob said, turning his sunburnt features aside from the glare of the lamp—"The fact is, a queer old Quaker bought all my papers, and giv me this shiner. I do 'no what he did it for—praps he wanted to hire me to steal. If he did, he'll find I haint so green as he tuk me to be. And now mother I'll be off and buy you somethin' to—"

"Hast! Jacob; you'll arouse your—your father. Hast! he has slept since morning—let him sleep on rather than awake to misery and crime."

The prostrate man had raised his head, and was gazing around the apartment with the confused glance peculiar to the reaction that follows a violent state of intoxication. His eyes were bloodshot, his cheeks were red and swollen, and his beard unshaven for days, gave a dark and desperate appearance to his features, which marked him as the man fitted by want and neglect for the commission of any deed that might relieve his necessities or afford him means of dissipation.

"Come here, boy," he exclaimed, as Jacob was hurrying from the apartment—"Come here, boy. You have money—I must have it!" This was said in a mumbling tone of voice, but the air of the man, was that of one who would meet no denial.

Jacob passed halfway towards the door. He passed his hand confusedly over his forehead, twisted his fingers in his disordered hair, and then glanced toward the sick bed, where his mother lay, suffering from disease and wasted by want.

"Look here, father," he exclaimed the newsboy, raising his figure to its full height, and while his face glowed with feeling—"You're my father, and mother always told me I'm bound to obey me father, but you've never done nothin' for me but lick me since I was knee high to a grass-hopper, and that's a fact. You licked me when I was hungry to give me an appetite, and you licked when I was full. Cause why? I wouldn't carry the mail for you—I wouldn't fetch you whiskey. And now when I'm trying to make a livin' for mother and me, by sellin' newspapers, you want to take me aimins for whiskey, but father you can't come it, and that's a fact."

With these words Jacob hurried from the room and emerged into the narrow alley. A hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a kind voice whispered—"And that is what thee does with thy earnings, is it, Jacob. There is a good boy, Jacob—a very good boy, Jacob."

The newsboy looked up and beheld the mild and benevolent face of the Quaker. "Come along, Jacob—I want to talk to thee. Come along, Jacob. Now, Jacob, tell me all about thy father and mother, and I'll see what can be done for them."

Jacob at first looked up into the Quaker's face with suspicion, for he had been accustomed to the wrong, the fraud and the deceit of the world; he looked up into his face with suspicion, but at last the confidence of the boy was gained, and with tears streaming like water from his eyes, young Heydigger related the story of his father's dissipation and his mother's suffering.

"And so you doesn't want me to do nothin' wrong, does ye?" exclaimed the newsboy as he hurried along the street, side by side with the Quaker. "You don't want me to beg nor to borrey nor to steal, does ye—for that are half dollar?"

"Far from it, Jacob—far from anything o' the sort," the Quaker replied with a smile. "In less than half an hour, Providence willing, thee shall be returning to thy home with bread for thy mother—I myself will see that a physician wait upon her ere daylight to-morrow."

Jacob was unskilled as to the most courteous way of returning thanks to the benevolent Quaker for his kindness, so he exclaimed in his rough way—"You're a fine feller, you are, that's a fact. An' if any body ever says that you haint, they must lick me—that's all."

IV. The conversation of three desperate men. Better rob than starve!

In less than a half-hour, Jacob was hurrying away to his solitary home, with a package on his back containing necessary articles of food for his mother. His steps were very quick, and now he ran, and again he walked swiftly along, until his course lay through the dark alley, from which diverged the court in which his parents lived.

In the darkest part of the alley, he discovered three men standing close together, in a circle, conversing in deep whispers, with animated gestures, and low muttered curses and imprecations. So earnestly were they engaged in discussing their topic of discourse, that Jacob approached within hearing ere they discovered his approach. A word arrested his attention—it was his father's name. Slipping within the shade of a projecting corner of a frame building, in front of which the men were grouped, Jacob listened with hushed breath to their muttered conversation.

"I'll tell you what it is, Heydigger!"—said a rough and hoarse voice in a whisper more impressive than the loudest shout—"I've tried to get work the whole blessed day—I have begged, I have prayed for work, that I might earn a crust o' bread for my wife—for my children. And what reply have I received? One glance at my tattered garb was sufficient proof of my crime, in the eyes of those of whom I implored work; and I was driven from their doors like a felon—aye, like an outcast of society!"

"Are we not outcasts of society?" replied another voice in the same bitter tone—"are we not all guilty of the foulest crimes? You, Heydigger, are a murderer; nay, nay, you are dyed with the sin of one tenfold a murderer. You, Wilson, are unworthy of any resting place but the gallows, and I—may the curse of God be upon the hour I was born—and I—am guilty of the same foul crime. We are all guilty—guilty of POVERTY, and every rag on our tattered garments, is a silent witness of the crime. The world makes war upon us—why not return the wrong with wrong?"

"Look ye, mates," cried the voice of Wilson, "there is a Dry Goods Store in Second Street between Spruce and Pine Street. It's the store of Oldham Roberts. I have received intelligence that to-day he was paid a large amount of silver, which is deposited in the drawer of his counter, in the front store-room. Himself and his daughter—a mere child—are the only occupants of the house. We can enter the building through the yard, which faces a back alley. What say ye, mates—shall we do it?"

A stern eye, aye, arose from Heydigger and his companion.

"We'll do it! we'll do it! Better rob than starve!"

"Faather! faather!" shouted Jacob, rushing from his hiding place and seizing the hand of the desperate man. "What's the use of your goin' a robbin' when I got plenty for all of you—bread, faather; bread for all of you."

A blow from the clenched hand of the father, sent the boy reeling to the earth. In a moment Jacob had again arisen on his feet, but his father and his companions were gone.

"Very perfit treatment indeed!" muttered Jacob to himself as he rubbed the bruised spot on his head. "Oldham Roberts, that's the very name—I must do something quick, or there'll be mischief done this very night. That's a fact."

V. The Newsboy and the Quaker.—Did thee ever return good for evil, Jacob?

"'Tis a sad story, Jacob—a sad story. To what crime may not want drive us all! And so thee gave thy mother the things I sent her? Aye—aye, that was right. Thee says thy father is one of the persons who intend to rob my store? 'Twere a pity to resort to any desperate measures to arrest him, when a kind word might bring him back to virtue. Come in, Jacob—come in—we'll see what may be done for thy father and his companions."

And Jacob entered the Quaker's house, with an expression of wonder at the coolness with which the benevolent man received information of the intended robbery.

"And so you won't inform on my faather to the poles, and have him exposed or nothing o' that sort?" exclaimed the newsboy, as he stood beside the Quaker in the store-room of his dwelling.

"Nothing of the kind, Jacob. Did thee ever return good for evil, Jacob?"

"Never did. When 'tother newsboys lick me I lick 'em back; that's the only way a feller can get along in this world."

"Then, Jacob, I'll show thee what it is to overcome evil with good. This way."

VI. The robbers and the midnight hour.—Is the crow-bar safe?—The door yields, and the robbers are surprised.

"What o'clock is it, Williams?"

"Why, Heydigger, how deaf you are! The State House has just gone two. How cursed dark it is!"

"All the better for that. Is the crow-bar safe, Heydigger?"

"Aye—aye, Wilson. Which way are we to travel now?"

"Here—here. Up this dark alley. In ten minutes we'll be in the Quaker's store-room. Now, mates, be cautious—take care. Gently, gently. Here it is—the gate to the yard. Heydigger, let me get on your shoulders—I'll mount the fence first. Now for it!"

Not a sound disturbed the silence of the night, as three desperate men stood clustered in the dark alley, screened from all observation by the shadow of the surrounding houses. All was silent, dark, and hushed. Wilson mounted the fence first, and then Heydigger followed, and at last, Williams was drawn over the fence by the united strength of his companions.

They surveyed the house. The shutters were close from the roof to the cellar, every light was darkened, and every sign of life or animation had disappeared. All was silent as the grave.

"Now, mates, be as still as death. I'll try the door!"

Approaching the door of the mansion, opening in the yard, Heydigger proceeded to insert the crow-bar in a narrow interstice between the door and oaken frame. Wilson, with his swarthy countenance, stood on one side, and Williams, with his features worked up into an expression of the keenest anxiety, was upon the other. A mingled expression of desperate daring and reckless determination darkened over Heydigger's face as he passed his hand along the edge of the door, seeking for the interstice in which the crow-bar was to be placed.

The point of the instrument touched the door, when, without the slightest force being applied to its panels, it flew slowly open, and a blaze of light streamed on the features of the robbers, and flung a brilliant column along the darkness of the yard.

Heydigger looked up, and beheld the imposing figure of the Quaker in his drab-colored garb standing in the door-way, with a calm smile on his benevolent countenance, and with his hands extended in a gesture of kindly invitation.

VII. The Picture.

There was the tall figure of the Quaker, in the centre of the door-way, with a strong blaze of light streaming over his back, and pouring through the opening of the door, full upon the figures of the astonished men. There was Heydigger, with his figure thrown into the position of sudden surprise, his right hand half raised, holding the crow-bar in his sturdy grasp, while his lips parted, and his eyes distended with astonishment. On either side, Wilson, and Williams, with hands upraised and faces glowing with mingled wonder and shame, gazed half stupefied at the sudden apparition of the Quaker. Every point of the Quaker's figure, every ray that fluttered on the garments of the starving men, was shown in glaring light, and blackest shadow.

"Walk in, my friends, walk in," exclaimed the Quaker, in the kindly tone of a host receiving visitors. "Walk in, my friends. The meal is ready: I have waited for you long."

Scarce knowing what they did, the three men stumbled into the room. It was well furnished, and a bright coal fire burning in the grate, gave warmth and comfort to the place. In the centre of the room stood a large table, spread with a cloth as white as the unsmoked snow. It bore on its surface smoking viands, boiled ham, and roasted beef, with bread in profusion, and every thing that might tempt the appetite or please the palate.

"Nay, my friends, gaze not so wonderingly around ye. This feast is spread for ye—ye are my friends, my brothers. I knew of your intentions to take my property three hours since; but I also knew that ye were forced to the deed by want. I knew the precept of the blessed Book, that all men are brothers, and I knew that there is not a dark corner in the human heart which the law of kindness, the holy law of good for evil, may not illumine. Sit down, my friends, and partake with me—ye are my brothers."

Without a murmur of suspicion, without a word of distrust, the three men looked at the calm visage of the Quaker, and read his simplicity of heart, his truthfulness of spirit, written there by the hand of his Creator. They sank down in the chairs placed around the table, and extending their hands with the nervous grasp of famine, they greedily devoured the smoking viands that graced the board. And after the first sharp gnawings of hunger were appeased, Heydigger ventured to look in his companions' faces. Williams seemed afflicted with a wonderful pain in the eyes, for the tattered sleeve of his coat was continually applied to his organs of vision with a quick, nervous movement. Wilson had lowered his head down towards his plate, and his eyes kept winking and winking, as tho' he was telegraphing a conversation with the table cloth.

Heydigger felt a curious and strange sensation at his heart, his breath came thick and fast, and there was a spasmodic twitching at his throat.

He sprang from his seat, and impressed the hand of the Quaker with firm and vigorous grasp.

"You are a man!" he exclaimed in a voice husky with emotion—"a man every inch of you!"

"Nay, nay, my friends, thank me not," replied the Quaker, glancing toward the door that led to the store-room. "Here is the friend deserving of your thanks. Is he not a noble boy?"

"Now, faather, haint this a regular nice Quaker? hey, faather? Now, you musn't be angry at me, for I couldn't help it. He planned it all his ownself, and he says he's a-goin' to give you all work, and take me in his store. Who ever tells me again that Quakers is skin-fints, tells a lie—that's all."

And there, regarding the whole group, with his sparkling grey eyes, stood the uncouth newsboy, in his short grey coat, his large boots, his tarnished cap, and his wide trousers. His garb was rough, his language uncultured, and his manners untrained; still there was some promise about that vulgar looking newsboy, for all that.

VIII. Another picture.—The newsboy transformed.—The end.

The wife sat on one side of the cheerful fire, the husband on the other. The bloom of health was restored to the once faded and withered cheek of the wife, and the purple flush of alcohol, had disappeared from the countenance of the husband, and with it had fled the wild expression of desperation and famine which rested upon those features when we beheld them last.

The light of the coal fire mingled its cheerful blaze with the beams of the lamp standing on the supper table, and discovering the simple yet neat furniture of the room. There was the tily looking carpet, the side table with its select number of books, the chairs scattered around the room, the white-washed walls, and the snow-white ceiling.

The wife glanced around the room, and then gazing in the face of her husband, exclaimed—"William, why do you sit so silently? upon what subject are you thinking?"

"Wife, I was just thinking of the years of pain, of misery, and suffering we have all endured through my pernicious passion for the most degrading of all pleasures—the beastly habit of intoxication!"

"Yes, William; but you forget that you were first betrayed into the habit by poverty and want."

"I was thinking," continued the husband, "of the contrast between our circumstances at the present moment, and what they were six months since. I can vividly fancy that deserted house, where amidst dirt, and squalor, and wretchedness of every kind, we made a home of suffering and despair. I recall my neglect both of you and your child—the neglect that prostrated you on a sick bed, and thrust my boy forth into the world, without education, without experience, to win a living for himself and all of us. I recall that fearful time when the fervent hope that these things have passed away from us forever; and I recall the remembrance of that fearful night with a feeling of pride, that I can call myself father of such a boy. Mr. Roberts tells me, that he improves daily, and that he reads every-day, and writes an excellent hand—we owe every thing to our boy and the good-hearted Quaker!"

"Everything in the world!" replied the wife, as her eye lit up with a gleam of pleasure. At this moment the door opened, and our old acquaintance, the newsboy, stood beside his countenance, beaming with honest frankness, as when

we beheld him last; but his hair, rich, brown, and glossy, was neatly combed to one side, and his apparel was arranged with more regard to neatness and taste. The peculiar glance of education beamed from his sparkling grey eye; and the expression of acquired intelligence was written in the lines of his youthful countenance. He drew near to his parents, and as his father rested one hand upon his head, while his mother took his hand with silent glance of a mother's love, he gazed from one to the other with a full heart and a full eye. The same feeling that prevailed in the minds of his parents, seemed for the moment, to strike his young mind with peculiar force, and as, by a sudden effort of memory, he contrasted the present with the past, the words arose to his lips—

"This is better, father, much better than six months ago."

ALEXANDER B. BABCOCK.

Attent-S. LASCATER.

July 23, 1846.

Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS Isaiah Emery mortgaged to me the real estate hereinafter described, by deed dated the 23d. 1846, and recorded in the Kennebec Registry, book 143 page 455, to secure the payment of certain moneys therein named—to wit: a certain piece of land situate in Augusta, on the east side of Kennebec river, being part of lot No. 42, and bounded as follows: beginning on the easterly shore of the meadow brook, (so called) in the north-easterly line of land owned by Jarvis Lawson; thence easterly on said Lawson's northerly line to the east end of road; thence northerly on the westerly line of said east end road to the land of John Case; thence westerly to the southerly line of said Case's land to said meadow brook; thence southerly by the easterly shore of the brook to the bound begun at—containing fourteen acres more or less. The condition of which mortgage has been broken, I therefore claim a foreclosure.

his

AUGUSTINE B. BABCOCK.

Attent-S. LASCATER.

July 23, 1846.

For Man and Beast!

DR. KITTREDGE'S Celebrated Gripe and Bow Complaint, is offered to the public as a cure for the following diseases: Colic, griping, cramps, flatulency, rheumatism, sprains, lumbago, gut, swellings, jaundice, rheum, contraction of the cords, scrofula, chilblains, sore eyes and throat, pain in the back, side and breast, neuralgia, and all cutaneous humors and eruptions of the skin, freckles, scurvy, chapped hands, diseases of the bones and nerves, &c.

Every family would do well to keep a box of this ointment on hand, especially the owners of valuable horses. It is an excellent article for reasons, being a sure preventive and cure for scurvy, and all the various diseases incident to persons following the sea.

This Ointment is an infallible remedy for the cure of the following complaints: Colic, griping, cramps, flatulency, rheumatism, sprains, lumbago, gut, swellings, jaundice, rheum, contraction of the cords, scrofula, chilblains, sore eyes and throat, pain in the back, side and breast, neuralgia, and all cutaneous humors and eruptions of the skin, freckles, scurvy, chapped hands, diseases of the bones and nerves, &c.

Prepared only by the sole proprietor, Geo. C. Good